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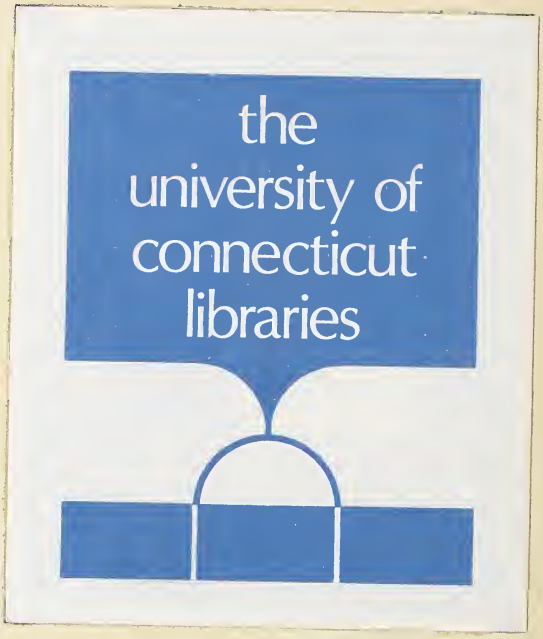

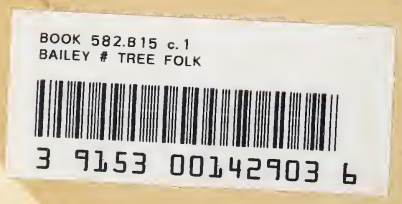

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THE TREE FOLK

"Queen Victoria"

THE TREE FOLK

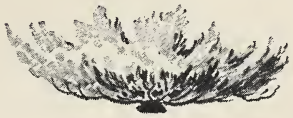
BY

HENRY TURNER BAILEY

DIRECTOR OF THE CLEVELAND SCHOOL OF ART

CLEVELAND, OHIO

"I will sing of the bounty of the big trees"



CAMBRIDGE

WASHBURN & THOMAS

1925

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BY HENRY TURNER BAILEY

19595

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To

EDWARD WESLEY CUSHMAN

GENTLEMAN
"THE LOST LEADER"
ADORING LOVER OF NATURE
MISUNDERSTOOD BY MANY
LOVED AND HONORED BY A FEW FRIENDS
AMONG WHOM THE AUTHOR
IS PROUD TO HAVE BEEN
HAPPILY INCLUDED

FOREWORD

A LECTURE, heard by many, illustrated with sketches in charcoal made before the audience, is the basis of this book.

That lecture has been most generously received. So many friends have expressed the wish that it might be put into permanent form, that it is now published in the hope that it may reach and please a larger company of those who love the ancient and honorable race of trees.

Those who have heard the lecture may be disappointed. Cold type cannot carry the mood evoked by the living voice, nor can pencil drawings made in cold blood have the tang of rapid sketches made while talking, and spiced with touches of color.

Those who have never heard the lecture may like the book. At least, that is the hope of both author and publisher. Needless to add, the point of view is not that of the botanist or biologist, but of the artist.

If the book serves to give clearer vision to the eager eyes of the elect; if it helps to give sight to eyes hitherto holden that they saw not the beauty of our quiet friends the Tree Folk, I shall feel happy to have been of some little service to my fellows and to the Trees themselves. They need friends. They respond to friend-

ship as quickly and as generously as if they had never been abused or neglected. They are about the best Christians I know!

I must here acknowledge with pleasure and gratitude the friendship of Mr. Francis F. Prentiss of Cleveland, in allowing me to borrow "The Brookside Elm" and "The Spire"; of Mrs. Prentiss, owner of "Queen Victoria," and of Mr. Worcester R. Warner of Tarrytown, N. Y., owner of "Methuselah," who have loaned the drawings and given me permission to reproduce them here. The other illustrations were drawn especially for the book in September, 1925.

Henry Turner Bailey

Trustworth
Booth Hill, North Scituate
Massachusetts

THE TREE FOLK

THE TREE FOLK

YOU never saw a tree. You have seen some particular kind of tree. No, you have not seen that, even; all you have seen is some individual tree — the tall nut tree, let us say, that grew in the pasture, when you were a boy, near the edge of the swamp where the frogs peeped in April.

That tall nut tree was a miraculous tree. All trees are miraculous. We know practically nothing about the essential element in them, the life in them, the souls of them that make them what they are.

Within fifty feet of where I sit at my desk, stand two trees that were born the same year. I can hear the crooning of one of them and the chattering of the other as the morning breeze walks past them on its way to the sea. One tree is a soft pine; the other is a seedling apple. Who planted the seeds for me I do not know, but I suspect that Old Westwind, the busiest parcels-post man we have in these parts, planted one of them, and a friend of his by the name of Gray Squirrel planted the other.

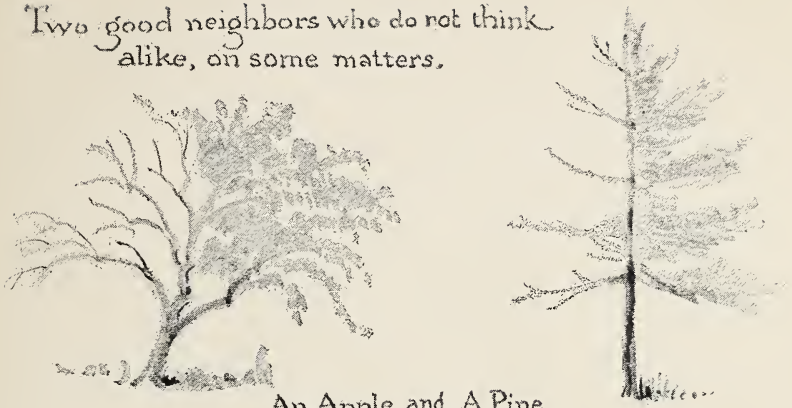
For thirty-nine years the somethings lodged originally between or within the particles of matter in those two seeds have been at work building those two trees (Plate I). The something in the pine seed, let us say, the

soul of it, built a trunk that stood erect; the apple soul built a trunk that leaned northward. Pine trees always stand up straight; Apple trees always lean one way or another. Do you know why? The pine soul built soft white wood with pitch in it; the apple soul, hard white wood with syrup in it.

The pine soul clothed itself with spears, five in a sheaf; the apple soul with shields, each alone, the under side the more delicately damascened. The pine soul dotes on helical curves; the apple soul on curves of force. Draw a sheaf of the spears through your wet lips three or four times and they will stick together, as indicated in the sketch (A). The lines of cleavage are not straight; they are curves twisted on the surface of the green cylinder. The pine cone is like this, only fatter and more complex (B). The curves run both ways, dividing the surface into diamonds, each a scale with its little beak. This fruit of the pine is brown, dry, hard, sticky, bitter; from the pioneer's point of view fit only to kindle a fire.

The apple leaf has a contour based on two curves of force, as Ruskin called them, with crooked veins which manage to stagger along, growing weaker, in the same general direction (C). A curve of force is like the path of a good sky-rocket, or of a jet of water from the nozzle of your lawn hose: at first nearly straight, but curving more and more until it explodes or falls in drops. Two

Two good neighbors who do not think alike, on some matters.



An Apple and A Pine

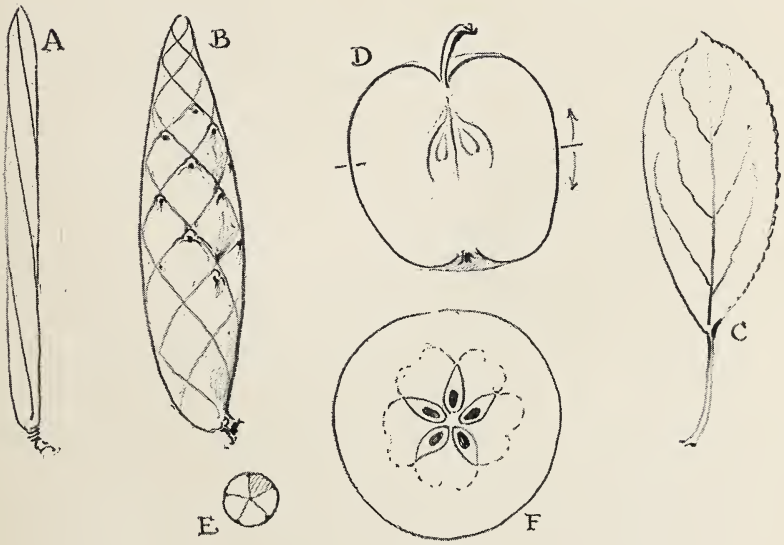


PLATE I

such curves, butt to butt, so to speak, define the shape of the apple as cut from stem to blossom end. The general direction of the stem and the shape of the seeds and of their cells are determined by that same forceful line. The fruit of the apple is golden, juicy, mellow, delicious.

But both these tree souls are predisposed in favor of the number five. Cut the spear sheaf crosswise and you find the radial section (E). Each spear shaft has two flat sides and one curved side like a piece of pie. Cut the apple crosswise and you get the larger rosette (F). Several star forms are here beautifully related to one another.

Emerson's Poet, you remember, walked abroad:

> Pondering shadows, colors, clouds,
> Grass buds and caterpillar shrouds,
> Plants on which the wild bees settle,
> Tints that spot the violet's petal;
> Why nature loves the number five,
> And why the star form she repeats;
> Wonderer at all alive,
> Wonderer at all he meets.

TREES HAVE SOULS. Let us stop to wonder a moment over this mystery. How does it happen that these two tree souls, reacting on the same earth with the same sunshine and the same rain, manage to produce so consistently such diverse results? We may as well confess that we do not know. Nobody knows. It is as great

a miracle as the most devout could wish for to throw at the head of a sceptic.

It is another manifestation of that something we call life, individualized life, the animate soul of a thing, that power within your body which, reacting upon its environment, grows your body and keeps it in repair, substituting new for old, never forgetting anything, not even that scar on your thumb you acquired when a child and which helps to identify you as you yourself, now, after fifty years. What a marvel it all is!

If you and I were to sit at the same table three times a day and eat of the same food for a hundred years we would never look like each other. No. Our souls are independent and selfish, each jealously guarding its own identity. The souls of the trees are the same, each bringing forth fruit after its kind.

IDEALS seem to be held tenaciously by trees. In other words, each tree thinks of itself as belonging to a certain family. That family has its own traditions, and habits of thought. Each member of that family cherishes the family ideal in its heart and does its best to live up to that ideal. In the fell clutch of circumstance, thwarted by unfortunate conditions, maimed by its enemies, crowded by its neighbors, lashed by storms, struck by lightning, the spirit of the tree is never broken. As long as the tree lives it is loyal to the highest ideals of

its ancestors, maintained through countless generations.

Compared with our common trees, we men are recent and pygmy and as temporary as the morning dew.

From my window as I write I can look out upon an old Red Cedar who has stood on what I am pleased to call *my* hill, for some four hundred years. He was there before the Pilgrims landed. His aërials reported to him the din of the French and Indian wars, of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, of the Mexican War, of the Civil War, of the Spanish War, of the World War. They are tuned now to catch the thrilling news of universal peace. He is as vigorous as Mars, as handsome as Apollo, and as dignified as Jove himself. As I look at his majesty, I feel like lifting my hat, as my friend Wesley Cushman once removed his in the presence of a pedigreed Jersey cow. "Why did you do that?" I asked. "Because," said he, with a hint of tears in his voice, "because she is so much better cow than I am a man."

GOOD FORM is one of the traditions. The trees have their ancient standards of shape, the ideal proportions every member of the family should aspire to achieve.

You know of course that some human families tend to plumpness in the individual. Willie, for example, may rise early, do his daily dozen, take cold baths, avoid starchy foods, and work from sun to sun, but his Weight-

man ancestors will have their way, and Willie, who was foreordained a fatted calf, will surely grow up as an ox of the stall. The stupid ideals of that sub-conscious Weightman soul will not have it otherwise.

By way of contrast, the Vinals just naturally run thin. Ida may diet and lie abed in the morning, and dose herself with anti-lean elixir indefinitely, but to the end of her days she will be a tall, thin, sharp-featured, lantern-jawed Vinal. That is the family tradition. Why kick against the pricks?

The trees are like that (Plate II). The Lombardy Poplars (1) are spare; the Apple trees (2) are rotund. No member of the apple family would dare to think of being higher than it is wide. A Poplar of such proportions would die of chagrin. All the young Cedars (4) are thin like the Poplars, but pointed in the head like a candle flame. The Pines (5) are pointed also but they come broader. The Maples (7) are egg-shaped, small end uppermost. The Ashes (10) hold the same standard of shape but with the smaller end below, as in a normal human head. The Oaks (11), red or white, left to themselves in a pasture, assume the shape of a great hay cock of green balanced on a sturdy central post of brown. The Elms (15) believe in the hemispherical shape, but carry it tipped to one side rather jauntily, like the Palms (8), who are a more long-legged race. The Hickories (6) stand with the Poplars for towering mass, but are inclined to

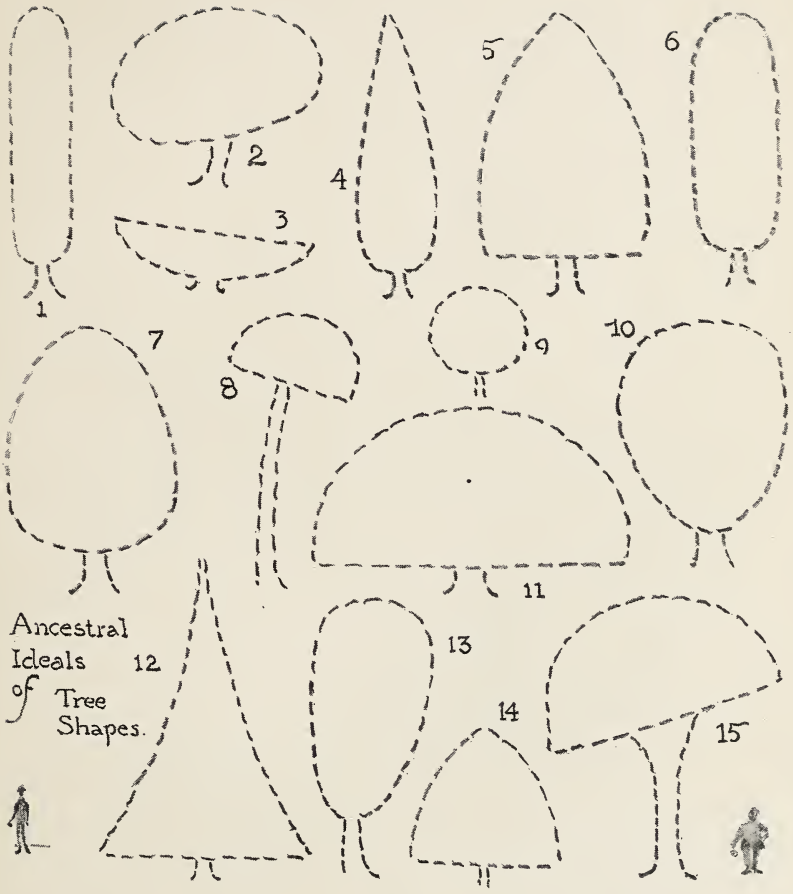


PLATE II

be broader. The Spruces (12) are conical; the Orange trees (9) are spherical; the Junipers of New England (3) are hemispherical, flat side up; the Locusts (13) the shape of a loon's egg; and the young Tupelos (14) are fatter than the Pines.

Just as a girl when in love can recognize her young man a long way off, even in a fog, by his shape or mass alone, so a lover of trees knows each one of them instantly, though reduced by the distance to mere silhouettes of shimmering purple.

Of course the tree often fails to achieve its ideal, like the rest of us; but it never forgets that ideal. Deformed by the wind, broken by ice and snow, slashed by ruthless mankind, in its abused body the anointed eye can trace the remembered dream of the family ideal.

Yes, even in dense forests, where the trees race upward, striving with one another for a place in the sun, they never lose entirely their likeness to their more fortunate relations who live in the open. They are like city dwellers in that particular. Blood will tell.

HABITS of growth, with the trees, are like the laws of the Medes and Persians. They must not be broken.

No doubt you once heard a calm aristocratic woman of long lineage say quietly but with unforgettable emphasis, "Our family never does that." "The Manches-

ters do not marry under thirty." "No Litchfield ever died with his boots off." "The Lowells do not speculate in oil." "All the Cushings have legal minds." "There has been a clergyman in every generation of Emersons." Family pride gets itself handed on from sire to son, wrapped in some such verbal robe of righteousness.

Righteousness among the tree folk consists in maintaining the family traditions as to what constitutes good form, not only in appearance but in structure (Plate III). The growth of limbs, branches and twigs must be according to the tribal Hoyle.

Poplars must be upright, with every shoot a curve of force (4). Elms must be graceful, with Hogarth's Line of Beauty throughout (3). Every spray of the Maple must be supported by a reversed curve (7). Young Tupelos are a level-headed race, with all the main branches nearly horizontal (2). All the branches, twigs, and needles of the Pine must radiate (8). In short, radiation in one pattern or another is the fundamental law of tree life, each family interpreting that law in its own way.

Radiate structure in trees may be obvious in the Ash (1), or occult as in the Tupelo (3). It may be from a fount within the body of the tree as in the Palm (6), or outside that body as in the Pine (8). In any case it is a fascinating element. A Palm stem explodes into leaves at its summit. A Pine's branches radiate like the fingers of your hand.

Tree Radiations

PLATE III

All systems of radiation have as their aim, "free air" for every leaf. The motherly tree souls thrusting forth their innumerable children every spring have an uncanny foresight as to where they shall stand. Look at any spray as it hangs over your head some calm day, and see how it floats in the breathless air. As the filaments of a bit of sea moss spread themselves in water, so the leaves are poised, each alone, without touching another leaf.

> That each should in his house abide
> Therefore was the world so wide.

And for the sake of each tiny leaflet was the space subdivided.

And yet, as "No man liveth unto himself," according to St. Paul, so no leaf liveth unto itself. Each has room for itself only because it allows every other leaf the same privilege. There is a hint of communism in all this. Are the trees wiser than I? They have no submerged tenths, no slums, among all their countless myriads of leaves.

DRESS is another matter about which the trees are particular. Their leaves are worn like robes, marvellous robes, that grow, and change colors with age, and are put off without regret when they must go to serve another purpose.

The Scotch used to wear plaids; the Quakers con-

demned all colors but gray; the clergy favor black broadcloth. Certain families have the seal habit, when it comes to furs; while the new rich prefer something more luxuriant, like monkey fur. Some women always wear stripes; some men only pin-head checks.

The Tree Folk are like that, only more so (Plates IV and V).

The soft Pines (1) always wear velvet. Their silhouettes against the sky have a softness at their edges like the lustre upon the folds of the velvet robes of Doges. The Cedars (2) are fur clad and very handsome, especially in the winter when all their neighbors are naked and shivering with the cold. The Birches (3) wear shimmering lace, half veiling their silvery limbs. The Poplars (4) affect a coarse woven woolen goods, tweeds, very substantial and distinguished. The Elms (5) wear shawls, thrown gracefully over their broad shoulders, and the shawls have fringes that sway and ripple in the wind. The Maples (6) wear watered silks with brilliant patterns. There is always a certain vivacity, a sparkling quality, in a Maple. Then there are several families that wear print goods, like the Pears (7), with a snappy, almost impudent, freedom. The gnarled Oaks—the poets and story tellers for centuries have called them gnarled—are more or less gnarled in their clothing (8). Gnarled means knotted. All the oaks are dappled with knots of foliage. Sometimes, as in our northern White Oaks, the

PLATE IV

8

9

10

11

12

PLATE V

knots are so loose that they resemble the curls on the head of an English boy, but in the Live Oaks of the south the knots are so tight in appearance that they are more like the kinks in the wool of a negro. The Live Oaks, however, inherit about the most lordly and defiant beauty of any members of the family. Read what Sidney Lanier says about them in his "Marshes of Glynn." The Willows (9) are feather clad. For silvery loveliness they are unrivalled. Oaks are masculine. Willows are as feminine as the Lady of Shalott. The Locusts (10) have figured robes, with large open spaces between the masses of the design, which have blurred edges like the dark blue units on an old Dutch plate or the flowers on a Dresden ribbon. The Pitch Pines (11) are similarly gowned, but the edges of the masses are more sharply defined. The Weeping Willows (12), like other lachrymose people, are not especially cheerful additions to the landscape. They wear garments about all fringe, like a Spanish shawl. The fringe seems a bit overdone. The tree looks like a girl with long curls or a woman with numerous braids hanging below her waist.

If trees must hang their leaves about them, let them emulate the Eucalyptus family. That's a great race! They are rather slovenly when it comes to house-keeping, but they are a handsome lot, from the slim maiden who shoots up a hundred feet and dangles a few scraps

of clothing against the sunrise, to the ample matron who sits as comfortably upon the hillside as a Gypsy, the luxuriant folds of her garments golden with the sunset.

COLORS, in tree robes, change with age, as I suggested a few moments ago. Those changes cannot be illustrated in pencil. You will have to use your own eyes. Make up your mind to concentrate on tree colors for one year out of your three score and ten. You would never regret it.

You would see the Water Maples, when the Spring awoke them some morning in April and they became conscious of their nudity, blush themselves into a netted robe of coral. You would see the Elms put on their brown old laces, and the Beeches don their spangles of copper. You would see the Sugar Maples in silks of chrysoprase, and the Apple trees in velvets of jade.

The woodlands in April are more lovely than at any other time of year. All the new robes of the tree folk are of gauze, veiling but not obscuring their exquisite bodies. And the color of that gauze ranges from silver through gold and copper to ruby and emerald. The trees in spring have colors for which there are actually no words in the language and no images in the mind, as Ruskin says, colors which can be appreciated only when present to the eye, and not even then unless you have the soul of an artist.

These robes thicken and change in color throughout the spring, until in summer they are all green. Not one green, but all the greens there are! As the fall approaches these greens dissolve into all the colors of the rainbow: the Cottonwoods become yellow; the Maples, orange; the Oaks, red. The Pines and Hemlocks keep their green. Blue and purple appear in hazy distances and slumbrous shadows and in the seedpacks which the Cedars, the Viburnums, and the Grapes wear as jewels of sapphire and lapis lazuli and amethyst set in Roman gold. It is a thrilling pageant.

There are some who have never seen it,—some among the great company of autoists whose motto is "anywhere but here," and who recognize but three kinds of growing things. When they see a blur of green low down they exclaim "grass!" when the blur of green is head high they say "Oh, bushes!" and when it is so high that it extends above the upper rim of the wind-shield they say "trees!"

Verily, He hath made everything beautiful in its time; but, alas, the brutish man knoweth not, the hustler doth not consider this which God maketh from the beginning to the end. They chase after the east wind and feed upon vanity. As for me, Open thou mine eyes that they may behold the beauty of the Lord, when I inquire in His temple.

COÖPERATION is another strong point with the Tree Folk. They know how to pull together to maintain the family traditions.

They are not like old man Black at Hatherly Centre. I pled with him once to work with the rest of us in getting out a strong vote in favor of an improvement that would benefit the whole town. "Yes," he said at last, "I 'll coöperate; but I be darned if I 'll change one of my ideas." That sort of coöperation means "nothin' doin'."

When I was a student at the Massachusetts Art School, and went to Boston daily on an Old Colony train, we used to see, above the roof of the Pumping Station at Cohasset, what appeared to be the top of an immense elm tree, a great green dome, glittering in the morning light (Plate VI). But as the train moved on we discovered that the dome was supported not by one giant trunk but by three common trunks.

After midnight, when things come alive, the three trees must have discussed the situation somewhat as follows: "Here we are growing so near together that no one of us can be a perfect Elm. We will coöperate to show the world what a first-class Elm looks like."—(The middle one was speaking.)—"We can do that if you, brother, will agree to grow southward mostly, and you, brother, will agree to grow northward, while I grow eastward and westward only." Whether they came to that agreement in so many words or not, I do not

PLATE VI

know, but that is what they did; and the result was the handsomest Elm dome on the South Shore.

The town fathers saw fit to use the knoll, on which the faithful brothers stood, as a gravel pit, and in course of time they undermined and overthrew the trees, thus bringing to naught the patient work of a hundred years. But that means nothing to a Town Father whose eyes have to be kept at the level of the public highways and the voting list.

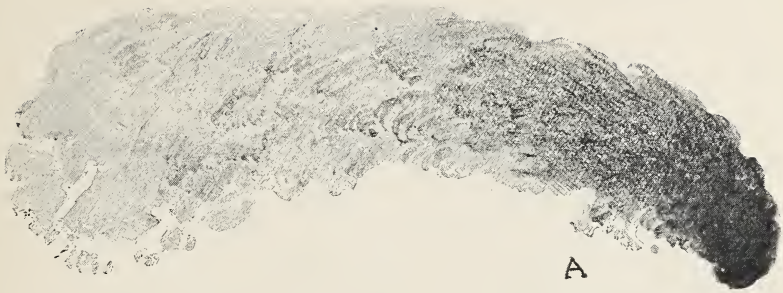
Down on Cape Cod, at Hyannis, there used to be a row of Willow trees as handsome as a house afire. The foliage of these trees was about like smoke in appearance (Plate VII). To the eye of the artist that is very handsome indeed. It is as handsome as an ostrich plume, or the cloud from the locomotive of a mile-long freight train.

What makes it beautiful? That which artists call gradation or rhythmic sequence. That plume goes from broad to narrow; from open to solid; from gray to black. Moreover, its general movement follows the line of that curve of force you have heard of before. How different it is from a row of young Maples, D, such as the new Park Commissioner boasts about: "All alike, the same size, the same distance apart, not a dead one in the lot." That perfect row of A No. 1 trees is as handsome as the noise a vigorous boy makes with a stick rattling along a perfectly good picket fence. It is Chinese music.

Something to get on your nerves if continued much longer. It would be written as at B. But suppose that same sequence of notes were to be sung by Galli Curci as indicated by the marks and annotations! You would be thrilled and breathless and on tiptoe for the dying echo of that last note. It has become an exquisite rhythmic sequence of tone.

Such was the mass of willow foliage represented by the gray plume in the diagram. The Willows, discussing after twelve o'clock at night their situation on the bleak Cape, with the winds from the north Atlantic pounding away at them, decided to coöperate to maintain the family tradition (Plate VIII). The first knelt and held his umbrella with the handle almost horizontal. This enabled the next to hold his standing, the third to walk upright, and the last to pose nonchalantly as though nothing had happened. Thus, all together they produced the massive crown of a gigantic Willow whose ideal branches and bole out of sight in the ground are indicated by the dotted lines. This is a far more impressive presentation of the family ideal than any single individual could have achieved.

When shall we quit saying, "Competition is the life of trade"? If it is the life of trade it is the death of profits. Coöperation is the law of trade, and the life of profits. Coöperation gave primitive man his victory over the Saurians, the Romans victory over the Greeks, and



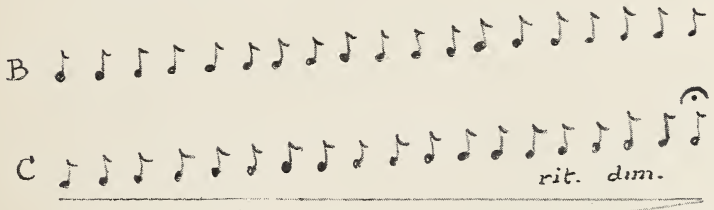


PLATE VII

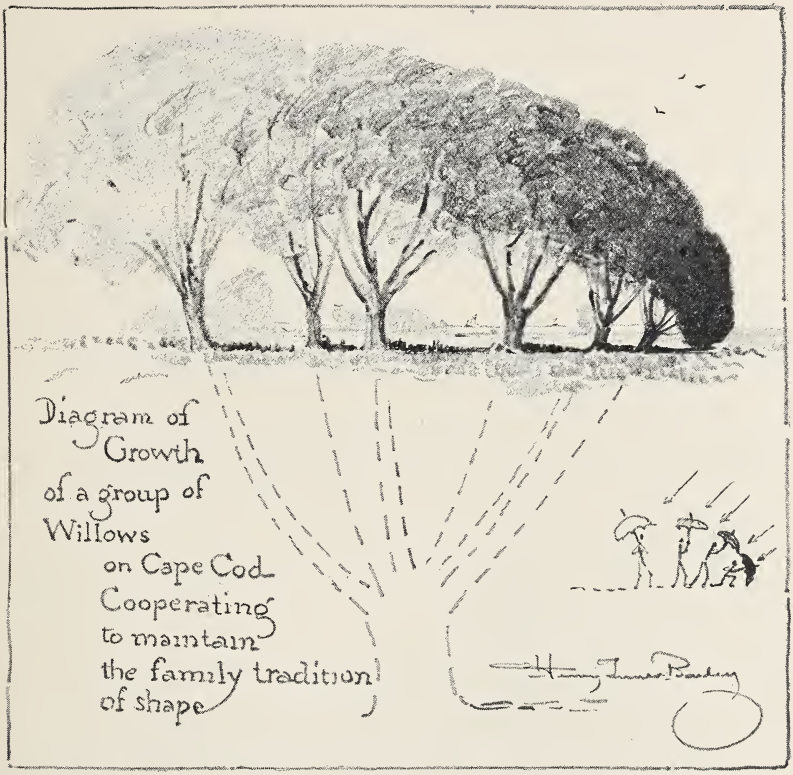


Diagram of
Growth
of a group of
Willows
on Cape Cod
Cooperating
to maintain
the family tradition
of shape

PLATE VIII

the Allies victory in the World War. Coöperation is the secret of every symphony, of every masterpiece of painting, of every cathedral. It is the secret of all noble achievement. "The darkness and chains of hell," Dr. William T. Harris used to say, "are but symbols of the isolation of the individual. The joys of heaven are all coöperative."

The trees understand coöperation, even within personal limits. When the wandering boy thoughtlessly knifes off the leader of a young Pine, two or more of the branches rise up to take its place. At first they compete for primacy. But as soon as one branch has proved its capacity for leadership the others retire from the race and fall back as coöperating members of the growing tree. Herein is wisdom.

SINCERITY is a cardinal virtue in the Tree world. Good trees are honest, frank, and unashamed of their past. They never try to hide a scar, or dye their hair, or paint their faces. They never wear wigs or false teeth. They accept what befalls them and do the best they can. Or, as a friend of mine says, "They take the favors Providence thrusts upon them and look as cheerful as possible."

The tree bears in its body the true record of its life. Have a look at a spray of Horsechestnut, for example. Here is one I have sketched for you (Plate IX).

By noting the annular rings, at the points indicated by the dotted lines, you can see that 1925 has been a prosperous year for this tree. The growth was longer and the leaves and buds more numerous than they were in 1924 or in 1923. The year 1924 was a bad one, the worst in the history of this spray. That year it produced a short twig with but six leaves, whereas in 1925 it grew a shoot more than twice as long, with eight leaves (only the foot of the leaf stalk is indicated in six of them, and one is hidden behind the stem), and two twig buds, besides the promising terminal bud. To find the equal of that you must go back to 1922. A part of that year's growth a boy, with a jack-knife having a sharp blade, nicked in one place, cut away, for some reason, or probably for no reason at all. He was just cutting. In 1924 it lost another twig; that one was broken off somehow. The leaf scar visible at A reveals, by its five dots, that the leaf had but five leaflets, whereas in 1923, as shown at B, the leaves were more vigorous and had seven leaflets each, like the one I have left upon the 1925 twig. But that one, alas, was attacked by an enemy, some varmint of the cut-worm or saw-fly kind, and lost one of its leaflets, at C. How this leaf has suffered! The drawing was made in early September but the leaf is already moribund, ragged, eaten by insects, browned and rolled with a blight, torn by the wind, and twisted with drought. But what a vigorous stem it has! There is no trace of weakness in that.

The True Story of the Life of a Horse-chestnut Spray

"A simple tale told simply"—

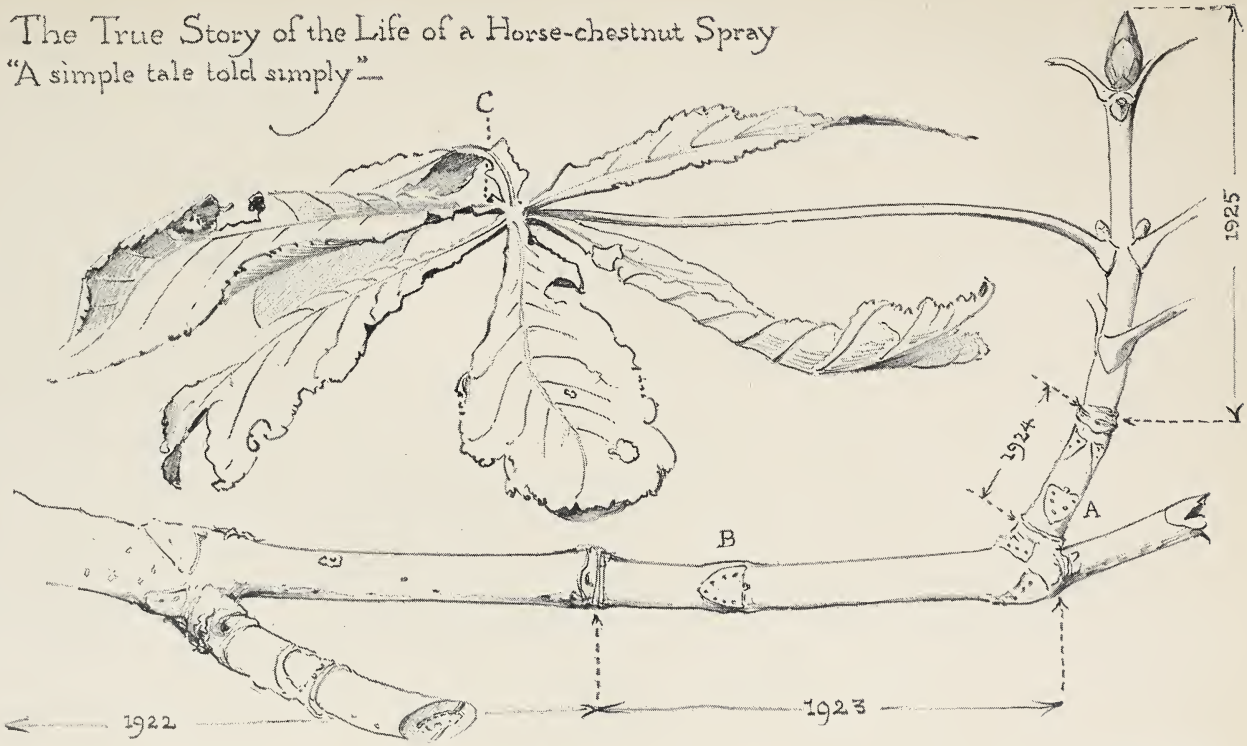


PLATE IX

If you look at the drawing closely you will see that an insect punctured that 1922 pruned branch, near its arm-pit, and that the older wood has more scars and other anatomical detail than the new wood, just as the skin of an old man is more marked and wrinkled than the skin of a baby.

What is true of this twig is true for every twig and for every tree. Did you ever read "The Thousand Year Old Tree," by Enos Mills? Better read that sometime; it will help you to appreciate a tree.

The Tree Folk, like people of our own race, become more interesting with age, chiefly because their appearance reflects their life history, their real character.

A baby's face means nothing, except to its doting parents and to its immediate grandmothers. The face of a child of ten is much like the face of any other child of that age. But when a man has lived intensely and suffered much, failed a few hundred times and triumphed once or twice, his face begins to have a character all its own, good or bad, according to the heart in him.

The son of Sirach, several centuries ago, perceiving this fact, paid in advance a fine tribute to our grandparents: "As the clear light is upon the holy candlestick, so is the beauty of the face in ripe age." We are not responsible for the face we are born with, but we are responsible for the face we die with.

CHARACTER is so precious, so personal, so individual, that each human being has a name all his own.

You do not like to deal anonymously with people. You like to have intimate names of your own invention for your best friends, names known only to the elect.

When you come to have intimate friends among the trees you will feel the same toward them. You will have names for them, as I have for the chief Cedars upon my country place.

The Hill on which my house stands was owned first by Timothy Hatherly, Merchant Adventurer, from London. It was granted to him and his "Conihasset Partners" by the King of England, before 1626. That old Cedar I mentioned, to which I feel like lifting my hat, I call Timothy Hatherly. From all I can learn about that redoubtable old Pilgrim, he should feel honored to have his name so perpetuated. The next owner of my Hill was William Booth, 1650 or thereabouts; consequently the next oldest Cedar, the one beyond the wall westward from the back door of my studio, the one in which my Ruby-crowned Kinglet stops to sing to me the first morning in May every year on his way from Yucatan to Labrador, is named William Booth. A few rods eastward, on the edge of one of the terraces of the drumlin, stands Jotham Wade, the next in order in age. Timothy Hatherly is about four hundred years old,

PLATE X

William Booth about three hundred and twenty-five; Jotham Wade is two hundred and fifty. He was the next owner of the land. From him it passed to Celia Peaks, a cantankerous little old maid (married at last to a Deacon, when past middle life), who hobbled about bowed over a cane. The next oldest Cedar, a squat one, whose leader was ripped off by some accident a century ago, bears her name. Aunt Lydia had the land next. You would admire the tree named after her. It is a cedar in its early prime, tall, symmetrical, and as handsome as she was at seventy. That cedar is about one hundred and twenty-five years old now, and is just beginning to take on the plumpness of the matron in middle life. "Aunt Lydia" has passed the age and shape of "The Spire" (Plate X). Cedars hold that school-girl figure for about seventy-five years. Having attained approximately full height at fifty, they grow stouter and broader and more picturesque as the centuries deal with them.

I would like to introduce to you some of the other members of our woodland aristocracy. It is worth while to have a nodding acquaintance, at least, with the first families.

Plate XI shows you "Methuselah." He is one of the White Pines. Two centuries old, he fills a crystal sphere some eighty feet in diameter. You can lie flat upon his thick top as on a curled hair mattress. Henry Howe has done it.

The Frontispiece gives you a glimpse of the body of "Queen Victoria," an old Beech in the Grandma Clapp Woods. They used to say in England that Victoria could sit perfectly still longer than any other living person. Her namesake outsits her! There she has been for two hundred years, and there she is likely to remain for two hundred more. It is startling to come upon her white body, gleaming against the dark background of the gloomy swamp woods. And then, she is so fat! One almost feels guilty even to look at her.

You would enjoy old "King Priam," a veteran Red Cedar in the Seaverns' Pasture. He was so named because of his sons, who stand about him to protect him from his Greek enemies. The Trojan King had seventy sons, they say; this old potentate has eighty-three by actual count. They stand around him in a solid ring — the oldest as tall now as the old man himself. There is a secret pathway you could follow, if you knew the password, that would take you through the magic circle into the King's hall. You would find it circular, roofed with a pierced fretwork of jasper and verd-antique, and floored with malachite. In the centre, by the side of the King, in the springtime, stands a great living bouquet of eglantine, and in the fall, one of barberry, dripping with jewels of sard.

You should see "Homer," — the blind singer, — a Pine on the Falls Ledges; beneath whose shadows I lay

PLATE XI

me down with great delight and listen to the "Surf sound of an aerial sea." And "The Martyr" on Judges Hill, a noble hemlock, still living, though half his limbs have been slashed off by sinful man to deck a Christian holiday. And "Agamemnon," king of men, lord of Mount Ararat, a giant upon whose shoulders you can sit and see all eastern Massachusetts and half of the Bay, —

> All your country sea and land
> Dwarfed to measure of your hand;
> Your day's ride a furlong space;
> Your city tops a glimmering haze.

As an old farmer said, after he had ascended to the tower room of Trustworth, "From as high up as that a man can see all he ought to see."

Then you ought to know "Eleanor" the Queen Elm, a hundred feet high, with floating garments of green silk whose fringes almost touch the ground. Plate XII shows one of her ladies-in-waiting. And old "Odin," the King Oak who spreads at his feet on the silver snow, when the New Year moon sails high above, a cape of purple lace a hundred and twenty-five feet from side to side, and who sometimes wears diamonds between all his fingers.

"Lazarus" (Plate XIII) is a Pitch Pine at Trustworth. He was smitten down in his young manhood by the great gale of 1898, but we stood him up again with fall and windlass, buried his northern roots and weighted

them with big stones, and there he stands to this day as vigorous and handsome as ever.

Time would fail me to tell of "Spudaios," and "The Ice Box," and "The North Pole"; and of "The Tree of Heaven," to which ascent is made by "Jacob's Ladder"; and of "Shagamenticus," Big Chief of Elms; and of "Massasoit," the great Wild Cherry, who still stands guard by the Indian Corn Field on Huckleberry Island; and of "Noah"; and the patriarch "Job," who through patient continuance in well doing, attained a height of a hundred feet, shaded cattle, guided sailors at sea, and gave farmers' boys a glimpse of the golden dome of the State House twenty-five miles away. These all grew old gracefully, bearing witness to the fact that all things work together for good to the children of God.

Have a look at Plate XIV. I called that group of trees the Tiptop Battalion, because I found it on guard on the tip-top of Mount Ararat, where the New England edition of the ark landed (I can show you where our Noah dumped his ballast, to prove it!). For a hundred years, these two valiant Pines have stood their ground side by side — like Harmodius and Aristogiton, or Castor and Pollux — meeting the fierce drives of the southwest winds in summer and of the northeast gales in winter. During recent years they have been reinforced by the Rock Maple they sheltered in his youth, beneath whose protection in turn, young Pines are flourishing,

PLATE XII

PLATE XIII

PLATE XIV

to carry the fight on into the next generation. What wind-bent and ice-maimed veterans they are; but how defiant! See how a scouting limb of one of them crept out toward the enemy, and then sprang up full armed like another tree. They are infinitely more picturesque than any of their cousins, captured by some city-bred man for his country seat, and clipped, with malice aforethought, into the form of a spinning top or an umbrella or a spindle of button molds. If such barbering of trees is art, let 's go back to Nature where the blind forces of the air provoke the tree souls to fight for life and so achieve undreamed-of marvels of matchless beauty.

FRIENDSHIP implies more than a passing acquaintance. It is something that germinates and grows, flourishes, blooms, ripens.

How many times some fashionably dressed woman, painted, powdered, and bejeweled, has said to me, after hearing a lecture about the Tree Folk, "Oh, I *do* just *adore* trees. I wish you could see the oak on my front lawn!" "What kind of an oak is it?" I ask, full of interest at once. "Oh, I don't know; I ought to. I shall have to ask my gardener about that." "Ask your gardener!" I feel like shouting; "Ask your gardener! Go home and ask your grandmother the name of your husband. I suppose you 'just adore' him, too, don't you?" Some people do not know what love means.

Start a friendship with one tree. Go to that old Oak at least once each season — in spring, in summer, in autumn, and in winter. Stand a respectful distance from him, before sunrise, some morning in September, and see him take shape out of the gloom, feature by feature, until he smiles at you the best "good morning!" you ever heard. See him at noon under "July's meridian light." How he glitters! What a handsome braided rug of violet and green and gold he throws beneath his feet! See him in November at sunset, when he stretches out his giant arms and waves the last remnants of his royal crimson robes as a salute to his departing god. Visit him once in a fog; once when it rains; once when he wears ermine like a king; once when he is dressed in crystal for the carnival of sunshine the morning after an ice storm. Go look at him once when his green waves rise and fall and roar and hiss under the lashings of a tempest. See him without his robes some morning in February, when you can admire his fine proportions, and the athletic muscles of his limbs with their knotted joints, as Enid once admired Geraint. Notice the texture of his skin, and that now empty "nest of robins in his hair," which Joyce Kilmer told about. See him some calm morning in April when after his long sleep he stands breathless before the sun god with his peace offering of ten thousand times ten thousand jewels of topaz. See

him once in the soft night when he is resting within his star-lit pavilion of purple.

I thought I knew "Spudaios," but he gave me a surprise one morning in January when I found his body sheathed in plate glass. I never dreamed that a Pine trunk could have such colors. You do not know your favorite Ash until you have heard his triumphant bass, some windy day in March. He holds the record for depth and vigor in the lower registers of tone. An Apple tree in bloom under a full moon is divinely beautiful. On that night in May wings of angels fill the orchard and charge the air with the odors of paradise. Then go there at noon when the golden bees are singing.

"A friend is one who knows all about you and likes you just the same," you remember. Has any single tree the right to claim you as a friend upon that basis? Do you know all about him? Alas, nobody does. He is a mystery at best. Go to any open door in the forest, any Gothic arch you see in the bole of an old Tulip or Maple, giving access to his heart, stand there reverently upon his door mat of leaf-dappled moss, and knock gently. You will find, as John Burroughs said, that "The Infinite himself will come to answer."

But do not be discouraged. The tree will welcome you as a friend, though ignorant, and stupid, and bashful. All the trees ask is a little affectionate attention.

LOVE of the Tree Folk has always been strong in the hearts of all lovers of beauty. Egyptian artists drew trees upon the walls of the palaces of the Pharaohs, and trees adorn the universal history of art the world around, from Japan westward to the Golden Gate. They have inspired poets. There are poems about trees in all languages from the Aryan to modern English. Do you know "Wilderness Songs" by Grace Hazard Conkling? That is one of the latest books saturated with a love of Nature, and one of the best.

Among the literature inspired by the Tree Folk is a fine Psalm of Friendly Trees by Henry Van Dyke. He is moved to adoration and prayer:

> How fair are the trees that befriend the home of man,
> The oak, and the terebinth, and the sycamore,
> The fruitful fig-tree and the silvery olive.
> In them the Lord is loving to his little birds, —
> The linnets and the finches and the nightingales, —
> They people his pavilions with nests and with music.
>
> * * * * * * * * * * * *
>
> Lord, when my spirit shall return to thee,
> At the foot of a friendly tree let my body be buried,
> That this dust may rise and rejoice
> Among the branches.

Another poem to be treasured is by Joyce Kilmer. With the generous permission of our friend, the Author, now happy by the banks of the river clear as crystal, where the Tree of Life yields its twelve manner of fruits

every month, whose leaves are for the healing of the Nations — with his permission I would quote the last lines of his poem, changing but a single word:

Pictures "are made by fools like me;
But only God can make a tree."

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